

Human

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We call ourselves sapiens
Wise - how immodest
Sitting pretty at the pinnacle of all creation
Bereft of family but for distant cousins
See the blood soaked hands of this young orphan here
The great ape who simply wanted to be great
Managed to escape from the manacles and chains of evolution
But this new king of the jungle
Was for longer a peasant humble
In a time before those chains were even loosened
From foraging to farming to factories to fusion
From hunting, gathering to scientific revolution
It was learning to tame a flame
Cooking and growing grain
Which led to a bigger brain and then domain
Plus the way it communicated allowed it to create such myths as church and s
tale and mass co-operate
And unify, for all gods, all countries, even human rights
All laws, all monies are all lies between you and I
Infantile, we are only in our infancy
Volatile, refuse to learn from history
Infantile, if we could let our ego's go
Like the Nile, yeah, we could flow, we could flow
When forager became farmer fear of the future followed
For the fiercely fickle fortune favoured few
For she might feed you with a feast or inflict you with a famine
Hence sapiens create god's in lieu
Now why would gods feel emotion, require total devotion
And even send war and plague when livid
And why should mighty gods care for people's petty affairs

For man made them in his own image
And for gods they built temples where to pray
As Hamlet turned to village, turned to town, turned to city
In the heart of which lay the market pumping to the veins of trade
Property engraved on tablets made of clay and money and debt and taxes to be
paid
Empires, monarchies, religions, crusades
King and queen on conquests for continents to invade
And companies and slaves and commodities and colonies, bureaucracy and facto
ries
More, more, more the capitalist way
Buy into this latest craze, it's all the rage now, don't delay (reap or flow
)
Colourful displays of facades and masquerades
All that's fatal is all we crave, from the cradle to the grave
Led astray by greed but saving can't save as from decay (reap or flow)
The past cannot be changed but the future's a blank page
We're the cowards, we're the brave
We're the moral and the depraved
We're the slavers and the enslaved
We can enrage, we can amaze!
Infantile we are only in our infancy
Volatile, refuse to live on history
Infantile, if we could let our ego's go
Like the Nile, yeah, we could flow, we could flow
Infantile with such a lack of common sense

Volatile, we need some wise intelligence
Infantile, if we could let our ego's go
Like the Nile, yeah we could flow, like days of old